

THE
PRESENT STATE
OF THE
LITERATURE:
A
SATIRE.

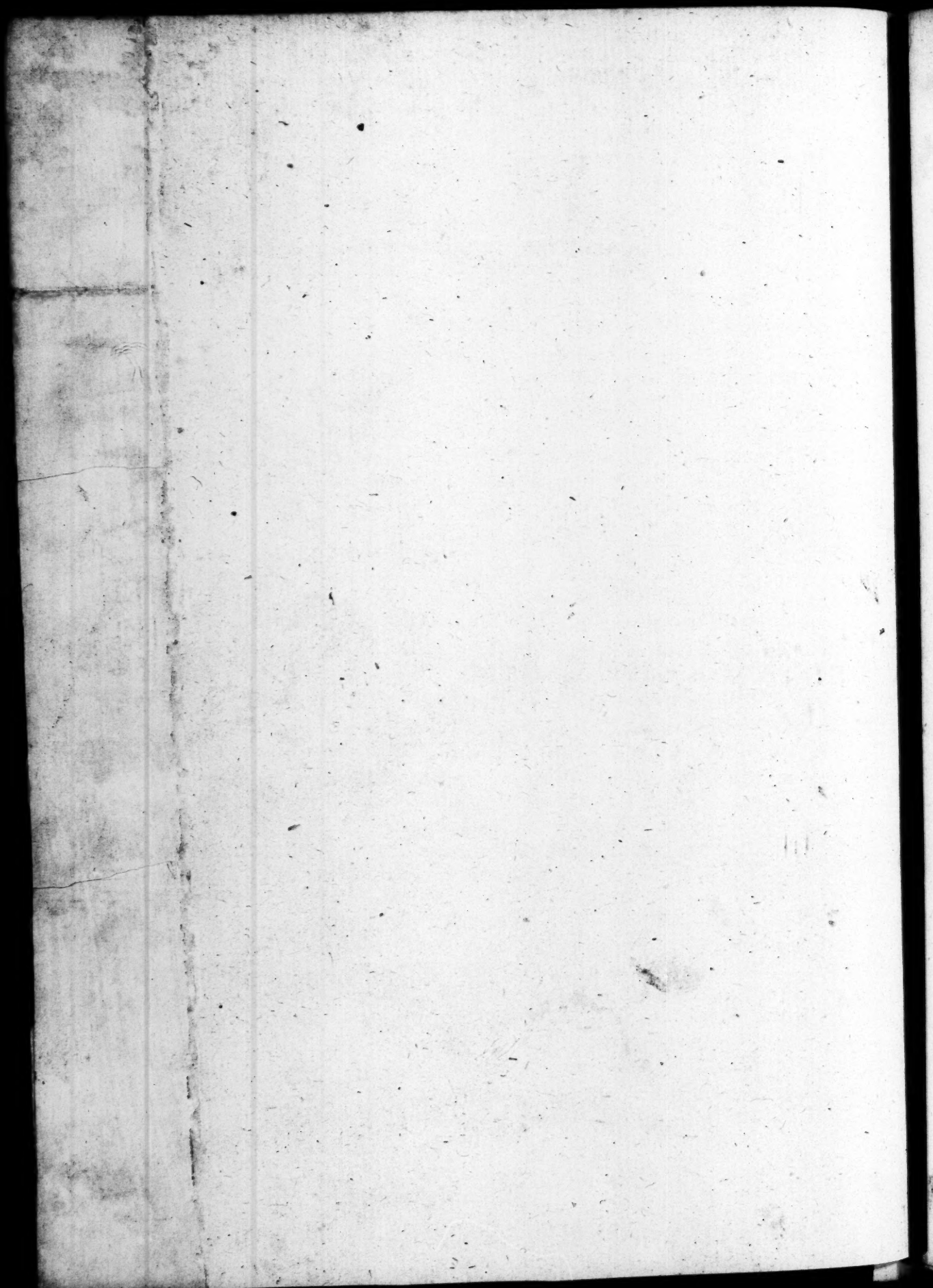


L O N D O N :

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THE
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THE Fact is plain, altho' the Reason's nice,
 All love to give, but few to take Advice;
 In their own Paths Men rather chuse to *stray*,
 Than be directed right another's Way.
 Thus am'rous Fools that doat upon a Whore,
 The more you blame, are sure to like her more,
 ,Gainst their own Good industriously contend,
 Wed the false Mistress, and discard the Friend.

And he, whose flatt'ring Muse has charm'd his Mind,
Is full as dup'd, as positive, and blind.

But if your better Stars should you incline
To trust to Sense, and Nature's Voice---not mine,
Throw to the Flames your Books that Youth seduce
Far more than Dice, than Taverns, or the Stews;
That all the springing Buds of Hope destroy,
Blast in the Man what promis'd in the Boy,
For Business made too nice, too dull for Joy.

But *Ignorance* costs nothing to acquire,
And yet gives all Ambition can desire;
Loth or her own, or Mankind's Ease to vex,
No captious Doubts her peaceful State perplex;
Dully contented with her humble Store,
She knows but little, and desires no more;

Stands

Stands no Man's Rival in his valu'd Arts
 Insults no Lord with Shew of greater Parts,
 Of Manners soft, officious, bland, and kind;
 Still willing to be led, because she's blind;
 And waiting ready at each Master's Call,
 By serving all, she comes to govern all.

If knowing this, as 'tis the Wretch's Curse,
 You praise the better Way, and chuse the worse,
 If th' artful Muses with delusive Skill,
 Detain thee in their magic Circle still;
 When issuing to the World, a learned Shade
 By wasting Lamps and midnight Vigils made,
 Thy Book-worn Eyes, tho' dim, too well shall see
 Some Pimp, some Sycophant, prefer'd to thee,
 Whose Honesty's presum'd from want of Sense,
 Whose Wit and Courage from his Impudence,

Flatt'ry moves within his Patron's Sphere,
 While *Waller's* Self would only make him stare :
 While you on Models form'd of haughty *Rome*,
 Your Morals wove in the *Socratic* Loom,
 Reading more Books than ever *Bodley* bought,
 More learn'd than *W---n* would fain be thought ;
 Whose Judgment more of Sterling Wit conceals,
 Than *Curio's* prattling Vanity reveals,
 Are gaz'd at like a Stranger in the Herd,
 As useless flighted, or as dang'rous fear'd :
 Fools self-sufficient Arts unknown despise,
 And fordid Deeds ask not discerning Eyes.

Those who excell, each other Art rewards,
 And ev'n the Weak for meaning well regards ;
 They view their Children with a Mother's Eyes ;
 Cowards we sometimes see to Colonels rise :

The

The blund'ring Quack by Murders earns his ~~Fee~~.

Ev'n sapless Eunuchs thrive by Lechery.

This hapless Trade alone whoever serve,
Skill'd or unskill'd alike, alike they starve.

A *Cretan* once, (and let the Story meet
A kind Reception tho' it comes from *Crete*)
Drew the sweet Balm of Sleep for Fifty Years;
A blisful Interval from Life and Cares!
Waking at last, unconscious of his Stay,
To his old City took the well-known Way,
And turning to the House, his own before,
A Stranger thrusts him rudely from the Door;
Thence to his Friends and Family he tends;
But finds, amaz'd, nor Family nor Friends;
His Dress drew staring Crouds where'er he came,
He spoke ---- the Language was no more the same.

uncurrent Gold he hop'd to deal,
 But found for once, that Gold itself might fail;
 In his own Land an Exile----tir'd he grew,
 In his old Age, a Pupil of the new.

Thus you so long immur'd, its Ways forgot,
 Are come into a World that knows you not.
 What fashionable Eye can bear to see
 That clownish homespun Garb of Honesty?
 Where is the modern Ear, so turn'd, that's fit
 To endure, or comprehend your Wit?
 All Things are chang'd, the ancient Period ends,
 Another Progeny from Heav'n descends!

Progeny expected and foretold,
 No fabled, but a real Age of Gold;
 Drowning the Nation with its fetid Waves,
 Change-Alley's Flood its narrow Channel leaves,

From

From whose prolifick Slime, with large Encrease
 Start up a monstrous, rav'nous, doubtful Race,
 Unknown to Nature's Laws, and reprobate to Grace.
 Whilst *G--d--n* as the River-God commands,
 And pours his *Jordan* with unerring Hands.
 No Pride of Birth a modern Hero fools,
 He puts no Trust in Azure, Vert, or Gules;
 Gain governs all the Actions of his Life,
 Gain to the Counter sends him for a Wife;
 Gain to the Counter makes him send his Son;
 For Gain he plays, and gains 'till he's undone.
 In all this hurrying Fair of Life at Loss,
 Why stand you gaping, with your Arms a-cross?
 Hence to the Vineyard, do as others do,
 And you may chance to earn your Penny too.

What Golden Dreams his wandring Steps mislead,
 Who first begins the Muses Path to tread !
 With their sweet Scent, thus treach'rous Pards betray
 Those easy Animals on whom they prey.
 Gull'd with old Fables, that in Bombast Strain,
 Draw Stars from Heav'n, and sooth the raging Main ;
 Cheated with Instances of later Days,
 When Wit was fed with something else than Praise ;
 He hopes that Lords, attentive to his Lay,
 Will cease a-while the great Concern of Play ;
 And hopes, (presumptuous Man !) he hopes to share
 Their Table, with this Fidler, or that Play'r ;
 In Fancy sees contending Patrons vie,
 To raise his Station, as his Genius high ;
 With Wealth, with Ease, with Friends, and Honours
 Prais'd by the People, by the Court caress'd ; [blest,

His

His Soul a Stranger to all other Care,
But how to make his Rhyme with Reason square.

To spoil good Maxims, it has happen'd so,
We've heard such Things, some *Forty Years* ago ;
Gamesters will sometimes let their Bubbles win,
Only to draw their Brother Bubbles in.
How oft the *facile Princeps* of his Time,
The Laureat King of all the Sons of Rhime,
Poor as King *Clause*, but in Poetick State,
Has brouz'd on *Bays**, for want of better Meat.
The Muses Temple is like *Neptune's* found,
By the few fav'd, with gorgeous Off'rings crown'd,
No Monument of Millions that were drown'd.

But left false Lights, and hidden Sands betray,
I draw a Chart to mark that faithless Way ;

* Larumque momordit. Juv.

Scorn of Poetick Glare, the Scene expose,
In the cold Col'ring of experienc'd Prose.

View then our Author, anxious for his Fate,
Stand shiv'ring at his Lordship's bolted Gate;

By the small dubious Knock, the Author's known,
And hence the Gruffness of the Porter's Tone;

To whom his last poor Piece must Victim fall,
Ere with the favour'd Duns he shares the Hall;

But State Affairs so rack his Lordship's Head,
The spruce Valet returns the Book unread;

Whilst viewing his Success, the trusting Cit,
Thanks his dull Stars he was not born a Wit.

Happy if all had thus sincerely dealt,
And scorn the greatest Ill that Poets felt;

Should one approve, still worse you must expect,
For their Esteem hurts more than their Neglect;

Depen-

Dependence, then, that Hell on Earth begins,

Your Patron he commences, for your Sins.

Doom'd both your Sense and Freedom to betray,

Doom'd all his Whims and Follies to obey,

In all Things else his Servant, but the Pay.

Yet pleas'd with false Respect you grow so blind,

As not to see the Liv'ry on your Mind;

But when the sanguine Age of Life is past,

And th' o'er-strain'd Cord of Hope is broke at last,

Dare to complain, --- and all the Blame is your's,

Th' ungrateful Client is forbid his Doors;

Proud of th' Occasion thus to clear his Fame,

And turn on you both Misery and Blame.

Teaching this Truth, the only Gain you have!

"He that once is, must always be a Slave."

Then

Then poor, cast-off, despis'd, and old with Care,
 For Trade thy Head unfit, thy Hands for War;
 Thy Soul with long Vexations four'd and cross'd,
 And ev'n thy Wit by Disappointment lost;
 When both thy Talents and thy Fortune fail,
 Thy only Eloquence that's left---to rail;
 Rail at the World that has forsaken thee,
 Poorer than Mendicants pretend to be;
 Rail at the Muse that lur'd thy Youth with Fame,
 Then left thy helpless Age to Nakedness and Shame.

Is this the Man to Heav'n and Earth so dear,
 Whom Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear?
 Whose Merits rais'd to such a brave Excess,
 We scarce conceive, and never can express.
 Is this the Man fram'd to such wond'rous Use,
 That Nature's Self must labour to produce;

Who,

Who, ere he can be fashion'd to our Taste,
Costs her an Earthquake, or Eclipse at least?

Hold, Sir! (I hear you cry) 'tis not a Rule,
That should be wrong which some would ridicule;
All human Actions bear a double View;
As we have Poets, we have Patrons too;
For *Varus* sure is not that Slave to Pelf,
Who prizes Wit, and is a Wit himself.
See on his Shelves that long and glitt'ring Row;
Each Book a Poet, yet each Book a Beau.
By a fair Inference we gather then,
Who gilds the Books will surely feed the Men.

What! is the cheated World as yet to know,
He only loves the Learning for the Show?
In proud Alcove makes *Dryden's* Busto fit,
Yet scorns the living Image of his Wit;

'Tis great, 'tis cheap, at once t' admire the Dead;
 A Marble *Homer* never calls for Bread.
 What Justice then can poor *Apicius* blame,
 His Spendthrift Belly starves his meager Fame.
 Ev'n Flatt'ry's Self has lost its Virtue here;
 His Palate you must tickle, not his Ear.
 Bring him a Turtle, pond'rous as your Book,
 And you shall be most welcome next his Cook.

Some, I confess, there are would claim Regard,
 Could they but judge as well as they reward;
 But for ill Conduct Love makes small Amends,
 Who could not hurt as Foes destroy as Friends;
 Prefer a Dunce,---each Genius drops his Quill!
 Each Brother Dunce will hope and scribble still.
Atreus observing well on native Worth,
 And seeing what dull Dolts the Schools bring forth,

Prizes no Head where Learning has a Part,
 Knows all the Cant of *Nature* and of *Art*,
 Fancies those Wits, like Women, are the best,
 Where Nature stands all shameless and undrest.
Shakespear comb'd Wool--and on that hopeful Ground
 He thinks no Diamonds but on Dunghils found ;
 Some Village Bard he finds, whose Muse affords
 Verse fit for Milkmaids, Footmen, and their Lords ;
 Him he admires ; for him, I own, he can,
For Parts so wonderful in such a Man !
 'Tis true this Genius cannot read---what then ?
 But none alive can have so quick a Pen ;
 He writes, *sans* Thought, such Verses ! quite off-hand
 As without Thinking you can understand,
 Who cou'd Protection to such Parts refuse !
 He pleases with his Service and his Muse ;
 He rhymes at Night, at Morning cleans your Shoes.

Perhaps on Poets we have dwelt too long,
 Whose Labour's Idleness, whose Work a Song ;
 What Gains, Historians, recompense your Toil ?
 Whose Work requires more Patience and more Oil.
 Like *Dido* in her Dreams, condemn'd to go
 Thro' desert Roads of *Holingshead* and *Stow*,
 Fight o'er the tedious *Barons Wars* again,
 Depose old Kings once more, and slay the Slain ;
 Steer the nice Course, where Thousands sunk before
 between the Rocks of *Whig*, and Sands of *Tory*.²
 Why, if the *City* mark the Work as sound,
 Subscription may supply some Twenty Pound ;
 Provided always that you know your Art,
 Better than that Historic Martyr, *C-----te*.
 " Allowing this, we need not yet despair,
 " Virtue and Learning are the Church's Care,
 " Th' Opprest still find a Sanctuary there.

A Sanctuary it is, well understood,
 From all that this deluded World calls good ;
 Where ev'ry Virtue that adorns the Gown
 Is but a Clog to keep its Owner down,
 Unless that where your nobler Talents fail,
 To th' Lion's Skin you add the Fox's Tail.
 Watch the Court's Pole Star with a steady Eye ;
 As that directs, your shifting Sail apply :
 Now swell with all the High-Church Winds that blow,
 Now flag in lazy Slackness of the Low ;
 The Minister your Conduct may approve,
 And smile upon the Labours of your Love,
 Help you some mitred Harbour to attain ;
 Thus shall you find such Godliness is Gain.
 Or if some noble Rake o'erleap all Bounds,
 And run uncurb'd thro' Vice and Folly's Rounds,

Stick to his Side, and keep an equal Pace,

Wearied at last, and panting in the Race,

He'll rest his Partner on the reverend Seat,

And on Religion see his Jest compleat.

When was it known that Virtue had Effect

To gain the *Scarf*, that *Symbol* of th' *Elect*?

Without which Mark all other Merit fails,

You're *reprobated* to a Cure in *Wales* ;

Condemn'd to feel the Poverty you preach,

Rabble forc'd at once to serve and teach ;

From stubborn Texts to thresh the wholesome Grain,

First, second, third, and so to first again,

Vet have first, second, third, and all in vain :

Or sit with roaring Huntsmen at a Feast,

To bear the 'Squire's strong Beer, and stronger Jest ;

And

And find but poor Protection in your Gown
 'Gainst th' aukward Malice of a merry Clown,
 Until by frequent Scoffs you lose their Sense,
 And grow a Blockhead in your own Defence;
 A Scene too sad and desperate to view;
 You've left your former Self, and we leave you.

Is this enough, or are you harden'd still
 'Gainst each Assault, and ev'ry Shape of Ill?
 Perhaps an arbitrary Thirst of Rule
 May make you slight the Horrors of a School;
 This for all Toils a full Amends may make,
 When a Fool's Head t' instruct your own you break;
 When rugged *Virgil* grates upon your Ears,
 And the School's Babel all their Labyrinth tears,
 Worse than the Rascal Cur's Ear-piercing Notes,
 When a whole Village strain their envious Throats,

Worse than when fland'rous *Macer* stuns the Hall,
 And worse than *Henley*, who is worst of all. The Orator of
Clare-Market.

Should I recount its other Mischiefs o'er,
 Were more tedious, and should tire you more.

Yet oh! all this is Peace, all this is Heav'n,
 The easy Slumbers of a Saint forgiv'n,
 To what those wretched hapless Slaves must feel,
 Whom Fate condemns with Plays or Play'rs to deal :

But on this odious Head I fear to dwell,

As the *Sybil* would not shew *Aeneas* Hell ;
 The Muse begins to droop her sickly Wing,
 By that *Avernus* who presumes to sing ?

With the squalid Visions that arise,
 Loathing she turns away her languid Eyes ;
 Leaves the sad Tale of endless Ills untold,
 Leaves them for dire Experience to unfold,

How

How some, quite wearied out with fruitless Hope,
 Send their last ling'ring Penny for a Rope ;
 Some grow gruff Porters at the Great Man's Doors,
 Some Printers Slaves, some Scribes to scribbling Whore

But if delighting in your fruitless Toil,
 You still will plow that smooth, but barren Soil ;
 Preserve a Conduct worthy of your Name,
 And hold your Poverty unmix'd with Shame ;
 Know your own Value ; to yourselves be just ;
 When your own Worth you prize, all Mankind ^{will trust.}
 No Folly more can blast the Poet's Bays,
 Or sink the Man, than undistinguish'd Praise.
 Odious alike, it either Party makes,
 It lessens him that gives, and him that takes.
 Honours are cheap, when to be had for Gold,
 And Virtue scorns to buy what can be sold.

Let Vice triumphant all the World command,
 Buy Whores and Horses, Equipage and Land ;
 In ev'ry Pomp, in ev'ry Pleasure live,
 That Fools can wish, or Opulence can give ;
 But let her not have Praise, --- 'tis Virtue's Due,
 'Tis all she asks, and only asks from you ;
 Oh ! to your sacred Trust, prove ever true.
 Lay by that fulsome, dedicating Tale,
 That wretched Thrash of Praise, so worn and stale,
 That strains opposing Qualities to meet,
 So BRAVE, yet MILD, so HUMBLE, yet so GREAT ;
 His Manners soft, his Understanding strong,
 All the See-Saw of this fine Sing-Song.
 Leaving th' affected Fair, whose Lap-Dog slain,
 You mourn'd in such a lamentable Strain ;

Leaving

Leaving the fulsome Garland you compose,
 Leaving th' eternal Lilly and the Rose;
 Leaving your Pipe and Crook, and fleecy Flo
Thyrsis and *Damon* underneath the Rock,
 The Beechen Shade, and Love, and all such F
 To tasteless Pastorals, and flat Romances;
 Exert your native Force, let Mankind know,
 What Wit, inspir'd by Virtue's Cause, can d
 That form'd alike, to punish and renown,
 You bear the Muse's Sword as well as Crown
 This never but on great Occasions draw,
 To aid th' Oppress'd, and vindicate the Law:
 If some great Robber drown a People's Gries,
 By the same Pelf their very Spoil supplies;
 Tho' Senates wink, and Wits applaud the C
 Yet from your Pen he must expect his Fate.

Our Sons shall call a Plunderer no other,

And *Verres*' Name be swallowed in ****

Or if inspir'd with a more gen'rous Zeal,

And ardent Heat to save the Common-Weal,

(For there are Crimes that wou'd awaken Rage

In flinty Stoicks, and unfeeling Age,)

Pierce boldly into *White*'s enchanted Cave,

And half our Peerage from Perdition save :

Who lull'd in deep Attention to the Game,

Forget their Birth, their Fortune, and their Fame.

Here turn your Fury, here employ your Pen,

And drag each *Cacus* backward from his Den.

Let not low Fear debase your manly Rhymes,

Nor separate the Villain from his Crimes :

What tho' by treble Brass secur'd and bar'd,

Tho' Pow'r and Wealth, and Priv'lege stand his Guard,

Yet

Yet Wit impassive can its Passage win,
And Shame on Wings of Verse shall enter in.

While thus to noble Ends you turn your Lays,
By public Service gain the public Praise;
The truly wise shall hold your Office dear,
And then let Coxcombs hate you, whilst they fear.

11:7:49

F I N I S.

ard,

Yet

Yet Wit impulsive can its Passions
And Shams on Wings of Vain
While thus to noble Lands you
By public Service gain the public
The truly wise shall hold your Of
And then let Conscience late on

F I N I S